



GREEN HORNET FIGHTS

CRIME

AUTOMOBILE STEALING IS ONE OF OUR WORST CRIMES... ESPECIALLY IN THESE DAYS OF PREMIUM PRICES! BUT HERE IS THE CASE OF ONE HOT CAR JOCK WHO HAD A CRACK-UP WHEN THEY RAN INTO THE GREEN HORNET AND SKEEDED INTO jail, BECAUSE OF THIS...

CRIME ON WHEELS





LATE NIGHT, BRITT SPEAKS WITH HIS TRUSTED VALET, KATO...

SO... YOU SUSPECT BOON DEALS IN STOLEN VEHICLES?

I'VE HAD MY SUSPICIONS FOR SOME TIME... AND THERE'S ONE WAY TO VERIFY THEM! GREEN HORNET WILL STEAL CLUCKER BUNNET'S CAR!



SOON AFTER, CLUCKER LOOKS OUT-TO-SEE...

IT'S THE GREEN HORNET WITH MY CAR! HELP!! POLICE!!



WATER... THE CAR RESTS IN THE SECRET GARAGE OF THE GREEN HORNET...

THERE'S A MOTOR NUMBER, BUT THEY'VE USUALLY FILED OFF THE ORIGINAL NUMBER AND STAMP ON A NEW ONE WITH DYES!

I HAVE WAY TO FIND OUT!



KATO, MASTER CHEMIST, DIPS THE CYANIDE BLOCK WITH AN ETCHING ACID, AND MIRACULOUSLY...

WHEN ORIGINAL IMPRESSION IS FORMED, THE PARTICLES OF METAL ARE DISPOSED INTO PATTERN WHICH NEVER DISAPPEARS--EVEN WHEN FILED!



I TELL YOU IT WAS THE GREEN HORNET!

HOLD-IT! SOUNDS LIKE A CAR COMING INTO YOUR DRIVEWAY!



ONLY BOON! THAT'S THE HORNET'S BLACK BEAUTY!

BOON! MY CAR! FIRST HE STOLE IT, THEN RETURNS IT! HE'S CRAZY!



LATER... BODEY'S AUTO SALES...

BODEY... I JUST HEARD IT OVER THE POLICE SHORT-WAVE! THE **JUNKY** **HORNET** STOLE THE CAR HE SOLD TO THAT CLUCKER. BODEY DAME, AND THEN BROUGHT IT BACK!

THAT'S BADA! HE JUST'VE LOOKED IT OVER! HE'S GONNA TRY TO CUT IN ON OUR BACKS! HE GOTTA BE PREPARED!



MEANWHILE... IN THE DARKENED OFFICES OF THE MOTOR VEHICLE BUREAU...

HERE'S THE REGISTRATION CARD... WHERE'S... PAUL DYKER... IS BLUDDER AVENUE...



THEN, DISGUISED, HE CALLS ON PAUL DYKER...

I'M FROM THE MOTOR VEHICLE BUREAU JUST CHECKING UP, SIR! YOU REGISTERS A CAR WHOSE MOTOR NUMBER IS THIS?

YEAH, BUT I WROTE THE REAR AND SOLD IT TO "JUNKY JUNKYARD!"



LATER...

HELLO, JUNKY! HOW ABOUT SOME CONVERSATION?

THE **HORNET**!



HI, **HORNET**! WE KID D' THOUGHT YOU'D SHOW UP HERE NEXT!



SECONDS LATER... JUNKY'S HAND THROWS A SWITCH--AND THE EIGHT-TON, SCRAP-CRACKING STEEL BALL IS RELEASED FROM THE ELECTED-MAGNET...



DOWN CORSE THAT CRASHING NIGHT, LEADING OVER THE GREEN HORNET WHEN...



ROBIN!
MY EYES!

BLINDED BY THE SPRAY OF DIRT, THE AUTO THEIVES DO NOT SEE THE **BLACK BEAUTY** DREAM UP...



LATER...



OH-OH! NOW
THE HORNET
KNOWS I'M IN
WITH YOU GUYS!

YEAH! YOU BETTER
GO OUTA BUSINESS
FOR A WHILE AT THE
WOODOUT, JUNKY!

JUNKY! WOULDN'T TALK WITH
ME—HOW ABOUT YOU?

THE GREEN
HORNET!



NO LUCK, HEST? BRIT?

NO, KATO! I JUST LEARN WHERE
THOSE STOLEN CARS ARE BEING OVER-
MAILED... I'VE GOT IT! I'LL WORK IT
THROUGH BOOBY'S AUTO SALES! I'M
GOING INTO BUSINESS WITH BOOBY.

LATER THAT NIGHT...



BOOBY, I WANT TO OUT MYSELF IN
ON YOUR RACKET, BUT I'M
WILLING TO WORK
TO GET MY SHARE!

BROKEUP YOU'LL
HAVE TO PROVE
THAT, HORNET!

LISTEN... TOMORROW NIGHT THE DAILY SENTINAL IS EXPECTING A SHIPMENT OF NEW CARS FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS AND STAFF MEN! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN ALACK THAT SHIPMENT! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OHAY, MORNEY! YOU'RE AN!



THE NEXT NIGHT--AS A RAMP-TRUCK ROLLS ALONG THE HIGHWAY...

HEY--!!
WHAT IS THAT?



WE'RE TAKING OVER, BUD!

(COUGH) GAS... CAN'T BREATHE... (COUGH)!



EATER...

THAT GAS SUN
IF YOU'RE IN GAS!!
THAT DRIVER, WE
DUMPED WILL BE
OUT FOR HOURS!

SAY--HOW COME
WE'RE GOING TOWARD
THAT BROKEN
DOWN SHED?



THIS IS OUR
HIDEOUT GARAGE!

HEY, AGENT!!
SUSPENDED, HUH?



WELL... BUT NOT AHEAD AS
SURPRISED AS YOU'RE
GOING TO BE!





BUT THE SUPERBLY TRAINED BODY OF THE COME-SMASHER CARRIED HIM UPWARD IN A DESPERATE LEAP...



YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HAND OF GLASS! I'LL STICK TO A GAS GUN!



THE GREEN HORNET'S BEING TRAPPED AT LAST! NOW WILL HE GET OUT OF THIS ONE?



BUT... WHERE IS THE GREEN HORNET??



SOMEWHERE
A TRAIL OF BLOOD
HANDS REACHED OUT INTO
INTERSTELLAR SPACE, FLOT-
TING MURDER UNTIL BRIT-
ISH NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER BECAME
GREEN HORNET! AND THE
STARS LOOKED DOWN TO SEE
THE GREEN HORNET FOLLOW
THE CLUE OF A TINY CARD-
BOARD STAR THAT LED TO
THE COLossal CRIME

**"STOLEN
STAR"**

**GREEN
HORNET**
FIGHTS CRIME



NEXT MORNING, WHEN CORBIN LEAVES FOR THE CITY,
BALK OPENS CORBIN'S DESK...



WHY SHOULD HE HAVE TWO STARS
TO HIS CREDIT? IF I COULD STEAL HIS
NOTES... AND, HE'D FIND OUT! BUT,
IF HE SHOULD DO... AHAHAHA...



GREED IN A MAN IS NOT UNUSUAL,
BUT HERE IS A MAN WHO
WOULD STEAL A STAR!

SOON AFTER, BALK PHONES DIPPET, A
PROFESSIONAL KILLER...



LATER... AT WALTON STATION...



NIGHTFALL... IN THE HOME OF BETT KID...



SOON AFTER... A THROBBING ROAR, AND THE
STEREOTYPED **BLACK BEAUTY** HURTLING INTO
THE NIGHT...



THERE'S DIPPER LEAVING!
WE'D BETTER FOLLOW HIM!
MIGHT LEAD TO SOMETHING!



AFTERWARD...THE GLASS WORKS WHERE
CORBIN EXAMINES THE GIANT TELESCOPIC
MIRROR...

OKAY, PROFESSOR... HERE
COMES A 15-CALIBRE ROCKET!



DROP
IT!

WHAT?
TH--



DIPPER, COVER
YOURSELF BAPLED!

??

UGH!



THAT GUY'S DYNAMITE!!
GOTTA SCRAM! THAT ENOUGH...
I CAN REACH IT BY CLIMBING
UP THE MIRROR!



HMM...HE'S STILL
FOLLOWIN' ME! GOTTA
DO SOMETHIN'...



HE DIFFER CLANG THE TOP OF THE AVISCO...



SOMETHING WE DIDN'T EXPECT, REALLY! NOW LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YARE, HORNET!

BUT THE GREEN HORNET IS TOUGH...
TOUGH ENOUGH TO GET UP AGAIN AFTER HIS
SLAMMING FALL...



BROW! WHAT
A CLUNT THAT WAS! DIFFER GOT
BAM! BUT HE FORGOT HIS HAT!

SO LONG, PROFESSOR...
WATCH YOURSELF!

AFTER... WHISTLED CORBIN SPEAKS TO THE POLICE
AND REPORTERS...



YOU SAY THIS GREEN
HORNET IS A CRIMINAL?
THEN WHY DID HE
SAVE MY LIFE?

AW, HE'S ALREADY GOT A
CROOKED ANGLE SOME-
WHERE! NOW I GOT A
FEELING ABOUT THE
HORNET! BLAM,
BLAM...

MEANWHILE... THE GREEN HORNET'S
LABORATORY...



I THOUGHT HIS HAT
MIGHT HAVE HIS NAME
ON THE GREAT BAND SO
HE'D HAVE SOME EVIDENCE,
BUT I FOUND NOTHING!

I FOUND SOME-
THINGS, NOT BERT...
A TINY BIT OF
CARDBOARD
STICKING TO
HUT! BERT!



WHY - IT'S
A TINY
STAR!

...IT'S OBVIOUSLY FROM A RAILROAD TICKET!
WHEN THE CONDUCTOR PUNCHED DIFFER'S TICKET
THE STAR FELL ON DIFFER'S HAT...



PLAYING A HUNCH, BOTT EDD VISITS A RAILROAD
TERMINAL OFFICIAL...

YES, MR. EDD
IT'S NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, BUT MOST
RAILROADS HAVE A DIFFERENT PUNCH
SYMBOL FOR EACH CONDUCTOR! I CAN
FIND THIS "STAR" ON OUR PUNCH LIST!



EVEN... A TALK WITH CONDUCTOR EDWARD
SERIES...

YES, SIR! I
REMEMBER THE MAN YOU
DESCRIBED BECAUSE DRINK
CRACKED HOME! HE GOT
OFF AT THE MT. WALTON
STATION!

MY HUNCH
PAID OFF!

THANKS A LOT!



SOON AFTER... THE GREEN HORNET IS ON
THE PHONE AGAIN...

KATO, I JUST MADE
TWO "ANONYMOUS" PHONE CALLS--ONE TO THE
POLICE--ANOTHER TO "ARREST"! LET'S RIDE--
TO THE MT. WALTON OBSERVATORY!



THE PASSES... AND IN THE OBSERVATORY,
BALK EDD A GADGET...

YOU...
ALIVE?

YOU'RE COPYING
MY NOTES! NOW I UNDER-
STAND! YOU... YOU WERE
TALKING TO
ARREST ME!



SO YOU FOUND OUT! TOO
BAD DIFFER! BUNGLED!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO
FINISH YOU OFF
MYSELF!

OWH!





THE CONTROL BUTTON WILL START THE TELESCOPE MOVING AND BRING THE OBSERVATION BOOM DOWN...



STOP THE CATASTROPHIC! THE MADMAN IS SO ABSORBED, HE IS UNAWARE OF A CLIMBING FIGURE...

WHEN THE BOOM IS IN POSITION, IT'LL HEAVE COBBIN OUT AND EVERYONE WILL THINK HE FALLS... ACCIDENTALLY! HEH! HEH!

I GOT HEEDS JUST IN TIME!



TOO BAD COBBIN, THAT YOUR STAR TURNED OUT TO BE AN EVIL STAR.

FORGIVE YOU!



THE GREEN HORNET? WHO ASKED YOU TO INTERFERE?

WHAT THE... OW!



SUDDENLY, IN A SURPRISE MOVE, BALK LEAPS AT THE DESCENDING OBSERVATION BOOM...

I'LL MAKE SURE YOU CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO SWING BACK AT ME!



THE GREEN HORNET PRESENTS ANOTHER **U-SOLVE-IT** CASE

HERE'S YOUR
CHALLENGE!
FOLLOW THE PICTURES...
READ THE STORY... THEN
TRY TO SOLVE THIS
THRILLING MYSTERY IN
REAL GREEN HORNET
FASHION... CAUTION!
DON'T GIVE AWAY THE
SOLUTION TO YOUR
FRIENDS... SEE IF THEY
CAN SOLVE IT THEMSELVES!

CARE 'S-YIELDIN'—
KATO, CALL IT "DEATH
PAYS A SICK CALL!"
IT ALL BEGAN
THAT DAY IN MY
OFFICE....



CERTAINLY I REMEMBER
YOU, MR. CARRUTHERS...
YOU'RE A FRIEND OF
DAD'S... CITY HOSPITAL,
AND—I BE RIGHTER!

HURRY, BRIT,
HURRY!



BUT IMMEDIATELY AFTER...

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!
HE, WHO? JOHN B.
CARRUTHERS, THE
BIG CONTRACTOR,
JUMPED OR
FELL! HE'S DEAD!



BRIT CHANGES TO GREEN HORNET...

CARRUTHERS WAS WELL—JUST
HERE FOR A ROUTINE CHECK-UP...
BUT HE DID SOUND UPSET!

I WONDER...
DID HE JUMP
OR FALL?

10 FLOOR
PRIVATE
PATIENTS
ONLY



HAD ANY
YOUN?

GREEN HORNET!





...BUT BEFORE THE GREEN HORNET DICTATES THE SOLUTION FIFTY-FOFIVE, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO SOLVE THIS CRIME CASE. NOW - GOOD! A DETECTIVE HAVE YOU BEEN?

"INTWOSOMW BART CANGOM 'LINOZ
N CARRUTHERS AML PERSHUSWGO
GERTON AML 'SOPHUSWGO ALO
WOM LING CANGOLK OMA CANGOLK
AFLD PERSHUSWGO AML AML
NOMW WOD - CANGOLK HODD (ML NO
S'GOLLS Y LO SANG AGLLOK OL (ML
LADY AML BOWOM L CANGOLK AML
CANGOLK SW CANGOLK NO CANGOLK
NOM CML CANGOLK AML L ADOM
WOM CANGOLK HODD NML (ML CANGOLK"



FRIENDS - THE NEXT ISSUE OF MY MAGAZINE WILL FEATURE TWO OF MY MOST EXCITING CASES, "TREASURY ON THE WHEELFRONT" AND "IDENTITY REVEALED". KATO AND I PULL A FEW NEW TRICKS OUT OF THE BAG IN OUR RELENTLESS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME! BE SURE YOU READ THE NEXT ISSUE!

LOOK FOR THIS COVER



KATO

USE HIS KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE TO SOLVE THE SEEN UNSEEN.



BRITT SPORN

TRICKS HIS WAY TO CAPTURE THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.



CASEY

SOUL-PUTTY SECRETARY WORKS HE IS REALLY THE GREEN HORNET.

2 GREEN HORNET STORIES PLUS A SPECIAL 8-PAGE IT MYSTERY!

ON SALE SEPT 5th *get your copy*



Sensational HOLLYWOOD STAR **TURNSTERROR!**

THE COMIC BOOK THAT TOPS ALL COMICS!

THE **BLACK CAT**

FOLLOW THE TRAIL WITH BLACK CAT AS SHE TRANSFORMS FROM HOLLYWOOD'S GLAMOROUS SHOWGIRL TO THE DREAD MEMBERS OF CRIME!



RICK NORRIE
THE FIERCE WEAPON!



LINDA TURNER
A GLAMOROUS SHOWGIRL!



NO. 13 SEPT



The Black Cat

APPEARING REGULARLY IN SEPT. COMIC BOOK "BLACK CAT COMICS"

Look For Her





MIZE HAS "PHOTO" EYE AT THE PLATE -- SELDOM SWINGS AT A BAD FITCH. LAST SEASON JOHNNY "CLICKED" FOR 51 HOME RUNS -- AN ALL-TIME NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED BATTERS. HIS AMAZING HOME-RUN DETROT ALSO GAINED MIZE A TIE FOR LEAGUE HOME RUN

MIZE

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS



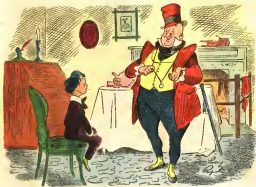
A REAL FENCE-BUSTER! JOHNNY DROVE HOME 138 RUNS LAST SEASON TO LEAD ALL NATIONAL LEAGUE HITTERS IN RUNS BATTED IN. FANCY FIELDER, TOO -- MIZE'S .966 PERCENTAGE WAS TOP'S FOR LEAGUE FIRST-BASEMEN.

"REACHING FOR THAT BIG DEAN'S AND BLUE WHEATIES PACKAGE AT THE TRAINING TABLE IS ALMOST AUTOMATIC WITH ME," SAYS JOHNNY MIZE. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE SWEET-TASTING WITH MILK AND FRUIT. NOTHING'S TOO."

WHEATIES
BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



Mr. Micawber was only half-right !

MR. MICAWBER'S financial advice to young David Copperfield is partly famous:

Translated into United States currency it runs something like this:

"Annual income ten thousand dollars, annual expenditure nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars, result happiness. Annual income ten thousand dollars, annual expenditure ten thousand and one dollars, result misery."

Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

Simply not spending more than you make isn't enough. Every family must have a cushion of savings to fall back on — and to provide for their future security.

U. S. Savings Bonds offer one of the best ways imaginable to build savings.

Two convenient, automatic plans make the systematic purchase of Savings Bonds both sure and trouble-free.

1. If you work for wages or salary, join Payroll Savings — the only installment-buying plan

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Join the Plan you're eligible for today! As Mr. Micawber would say: "Result, security!"

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS



MARY WORTH

AND HER FAMILY OF FRIENDS

GYPHY HONKE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A BOY SHE MET ON A TRAIN. STRET OWEN NOT KNOW HE IS REALLY BILL PENDRAGE, THE BROTHER OF BUD HER BEST BOY!



















AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY

featuring

DOTTY DRIPPLE



AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY

featuring

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featuring

DOTTY DRIPPLE



AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY

featuring

DOTTY DRIPPLE

WHAT WOULD
EDISON HAVE
DONE IN A
CASE LIKE
THIS?

WELL, I'VE GOT IT!
FIRST I'LL NEED
A ROPE!

ALL I NEED NOW
IS A COUPLE OF
SCORPES AND
A PULLEY!

HORACE,
WHAT ARE
YOU
DOING?

JUST KISSING
UP SOMETHINGS
TO MAKE LIFE
EASIER!

THAT OUGHT
TO DO
IT!

OH, HORACE
HERE COMES
THE GARBAGE
TRUCK! YOU'D
BETTER TAKE
OUT THE
GARBAGE!

I'M GLAD SHE
REMINDED ME
OF THIS!

CLANK
BAM
CLINK

IF THERE'S ANYTHING
I HATE, IT'S BENDING
IN THE GARBAGE
CAN!

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY

featuring

DOTTY DRIPPLE



JOE IS OVERJOYED WHEN HE LEARNS THAT HIS SWEETHEART, ANN HOWE, IS COMING HOME... AT LAST THEY CAN BE TOGETHER AGAIN! BUT FATE PLAYS A STRANGE TRICK... AND ANN'S PLANE IS REPORTED MISSING... YOU'RE INVITED TO JOIN

JOE'S SEARCH FOR ANN
IN THE DESOLATE MOUNTAINS OF WYOMING... IS ANN ALIVE?... OR WILL THE SEARCH BE FUTILE? DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE.

24
SEPT



PREVIEW OF ISSUE 24

GET YOUR COPY
ON JULY 14TH



NO
CARS



OF ALL THE BUMPY, CONSIDERABLE BAGGERS, GORDON, THAT IS THE LOWEST OF RACIST BAKSHANNA, APPEARS OUT OF JORDY! IF I DON'T HAVE THE KEY BEHIND IT!



IN THIS ISSUE, KERRY DRAKE TANGLES WITH MEATBALL.



ALSO, SPECIAL SHORT FEATURES REVEALING HOW THE LAW TRACKS DOWN VICIOUS CRIMINALS!



ON SALE JULY 5th

BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY.

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY

featuring

DOTTY DRIPPLE





DRAGNET OF DOOM

Britt Reid yawned and stretched, his legs under the warm blankets. Slowly he closed his eyes and slowly he felt sleep roll down from nowhere to surround him. Then Kato stuck his head into the bedroom doorway.

"Telephone, Mist' Britt."

Sleep vanished.

"Hello, Asford? Go ahead."

Asford spoke hurriedly: "Reid, I went out to see Finney Malone like you told me to. But he didn't tell me anymore than the police did. An' say! what a time I had getting to see him! They were havin' a tea party! Four or five guys there and all of them squinty-eyed lookin'! Gave me the creeps!"

Reid yawned loudly. "You masn't bother me late at night, Asford, I had a hard day at the races and I'm tired. Tell me about it tomorrow!"

* * *

Minutes later Black Beauty's lights pushed holes in the darkness as the powerful car sped through the night. "We go to Mr. Malone's mansion," Kato said. "But why?"

Britt Reid, publisher of the Daily Sentinel, tied the mask of the Green Hornet around his face securely. "Finney Malone owns a large chain of drug stores. Calls them the 'Vitamin Chain,'" he explained. "Malone called the police today. Said his morphine shipment for the year had been stolen. And we're going out to nail the thief."

The purr of the powerful motor died. "We here, Mist' Britt," Kato said.

The Green Hornet stepped out and stealthily crept toward the darkened home of Finney Malone, the Drug Store King.

A beautiful woman, floating in a purple mist, bowed low before Finney Malone. Slowly she pulled strings of rubies from the mist and gently handed the jewels to her master. She waved toward the sky and a warm gust of wind blew the mist into Finney's eyes. He heard millions of gems tumbling from the heavens. One of them fell on him. And still a heavier one. OOOOFF! Finney Malone woke from his dreams into a wide-awake nightmare: the Green Hornet stood by his bed poking him in the stomach with a strange-looking gun.

"You'll sleep when I know where you've hidden the morphine!" the Hornet snapped.

"S... someone stole it," Malone stammered.

"You stole it. Come across!"

"... y... you're crazy!"

"You tell me now—or I'll take you and keep you from your dope for a month!"

Finney's heart turned to water. A swelling fear that no normal man can know was upon him.

"No! Don't starve me! Don't!"

"Where is it?"

"Down cellar... in a hidden safe."

The Hornet grinned.

"How... how did you find out?" Finney trembled.

"Your friends have squinty eyes. The squinty, dilated pupils of dope-users!"

The Hornet fired his gun. Finney, gasped, sank back in bed to resume his dream.

* * *

Minutes later, Kato drove Black Beauty into the night.

"You phony police?" he asked.

"Nops. Phoned Asford instead. Let the Sentinel have the scoop and the police have their dope-ring." The Hornet smiled. "This ought to give Asford another 'teary' about the Hornet," he said.





GREEN for DANGER

Maybe you've heard of me: Mike "Green" Spoon? My name is rightly just "Spoon", but the boys tagged on the "Green" because anything I touched turned to money.

Yeah, I'm smart as they come. And everything I touch turns to green money. At least it did up until I touched that playboy Britt Reid, that guy who publishes the Daily Sentinel.

Nate and I were raking in all kinds of dough. Nate was my stooge; I gave him a twenty percent cut of the take. Nate was driving a low grand car, so you can see my share was plenty terrific.

Well, I had snagged myself a waiter's job in Lew's Cruise Club. Naturally, a Big Brain like me is no waiter, but the job was part of the racket. Yeah, waiting on the suckers I could spot the ones with real cash. I'd put a little chalk mark on the backs of the rich one's coats and then when they left, Nate would spot them, stick them up, and bingo! we were sure of getting a good load of cash every time.

Well, it comes this Thursday night. I wait on playboy Britt Reid. I see his wallet is bulging. I slip the chalk on the back of his coat. I think to myself: another sucker for Nate to knock off.

Well, it's around 4 a.m. when I finally quit and go home. I turn on the lights expecting to see Nate. Instead I see the Green Hornet.

"That's a nice little racket you and

Nate have worked up. I want my cut," he says in a snarly voice.

"I'm not gonna' fool with you, Hornet," I say, and I'm thinking plenty fast, "because you're too tough. Sure I'll give you a cut in the business; it's big enough for another guy."

"Start talking in cash," this Hornet says.

"The dough's in my desk drawer," I say, "I'll get it." I smile to myself. Brother, what a sucker this Hornet is to leave small time and start foolin' with a Big Brain like me. I reach in the drawer and pull out my gun. I hold it on the Hornet's middle.

"You wouldn't shoot a man in cold-blood," he says.

"Sucker," I say. I pull the trigger. The gun booms.

"Okay," the Hornet says, "cold-blood it is." He grabs me by the shirt front. "You didn't think I'd leave real bullets in that gun?" he growls.

I try to kick him. The Hornet brings up a fist. I float off into a big black pit, heading for a big purple star.

I wake up in jail. Nate is sitting beside me. Nate stuck up this Britt Reid all right. But right after that the Hornet nails him and slaps him around until he talks. So here we are in Cell 29. Me: the great Mike "Green" Spoon, everything I touch turns to green — Hornet!